

A Doubtful Adventure of Gordon Freeman

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Summary: - STORY DISCONTINUED - A Doubtful Adventure of Gordon Freeman plus lots of funny and also serious situations! With slightly erotic background! You'd never thought Gordon is like that!

1. Chapter 1

A doubtful adventure

Saving a hero

He remained perfectly still after collapsing onto the floor. Perfect. He must have killed the last monster creeping around here. Finally, because he felt so exhausted, that getting up again would be the most painful thing in the world.

“Okay world.” He thought to himself. “I’ll just rest here forever.”

He gently drifted away, half asleep half losing his consciousness, feeling as his weapon mildly moves out of his hand. Quiet metallic clink let him know that it hit the blood and something like snot covered floor. Forever!

“Oh my goood!” He almost jumped after hearing this unbelievable high pitched tone. It must have been a woman! A crazy woman!

“Shut up Susan! You’ll bring even more monsters here.”

Yep! It's a woman!

“Damn! Look at this pile of corpses!”

“Thanks to Susan we could be joining this pile of stinky corpses very soon!” Stupid bitch.

He thought he heard a soft whining. There were at least three people there.

“Do I wanna meet new people?” He thought again, not even being able to raise an eyelid. “I don't wanna meet any more people. I wanna sleep. Leave me alone!”

He remained perfectly still. Because that was the only thing he could do.

“Hey! Oh hey! There's a human!”

“Oh no! No, no no! I'm not a human you asshole! You mistaken me with a zombie physician. I eat guys like you!” He thought again, feeling as his hearing sense and mostly all the other senses come alive. Nothing was isolating him from all the soreness and pain of his body now. And still he could not move much. He didn't want to.

“Okay!” This voice came from such a close distance. He could feel someone's presence just next to him. This is so embarrassing! Soft touch on his neck creeped him out causing a slight spasm all over his body.

“Aaagh!” Shouted the person beside him. “Yes, he's definitely alive. Son of the bitch! I was hoping just to get his guns and walk away!”

“Whaaa?” Thought Gordon. “You wanna take away my guns? You prick!”

And suddenly a rush of adrenaline raised his chest to breath deeply. He felt people next to him moving back a little. He pulled himself together, opened his eyes and saw a terrified face of a man wearing a medium size afro, looking as he was expecting Freeman to kill him with his bare hands. And Freeman was ready to do it. Immediately.

So he rushed even more, pushed himself up. The skinny man took a few steps away with his eyes getting wider and wider. The woman in the background was gasping for air, trembling with fear.

“I got you now assholes.” He thought he was just saying this in his mind but he realized that he said that out loud to this innocent survivals. He felt amazingly stupid and ashamed. And collapsed with a thud.

The big guy next to Susan let himself to blink. The afro man just stood there!

“Yee! .yes! .yes! .He's definitely alive. Who wants to carry him?” He said finally.

A sudden moan woke him up. It was his own voice! Then the pain that was tearing apart his leg made him almost scream. He could afford to open his eyes now. Lying on a very nice bed, like he hasn't seen one for years now! Or maybe just three days!

They were doing something to his leg! Probably chopping it off with a blunt, rusty tool! He could see how many bruises were hiding under his suit! Slowly raised his shaking arm, revealing a puzzle of

scratches and bloody to violet stains. His both legs didn't look any betterâ€|

â€ŽWait a minute. Where am I?"

In a moment of sheer panic, he tried to kick his way out to freedom. Some woman shouted as his leg punched her pretty hard in the face. The other one jumped away, avoiding a direct hit.

He screamed once again as a sharp pain went through all of his muscles. Not being able to identify if it's just a wound, exhaustion result or something more.

â€ŽYou won't eat me! Asshole zombies!" He shouted and got ready to spring out of bed with one abrupt move. Damn! He felt so much better despite pain!

â€ŽMorphine!" Said a loud voice from behind.

Strong arms pulled him down into the sheets . Noâ€| he was not that much better. He could stand but hands grabbing him made him realize, he's still so weakâ€| Gentle pinch in his neck ended up all emotional bursts. In a minute a nice and too much familiar high drifted him again into the land of the most comfortable bed sheets he has ever lay on.

â€ŽJesus Christ!" Said Wendy applying a paper towel to stoop the bleeding from her lower lip. "Fucking walking panic! This guy needs a therapy. He's traumatised!"

â€ŽHe almost broke your teeth!" Said the other woman. She was feeling anger mixed with diluted empathy for this guy. Quite a nice guy, actuallyâ€|

â€ŽWho the hell decided to take him here?" Exclaimed Wendy again. "He should be tied up to the bed all the fuckin time!"

â€ŽFreaking crazy soldier!" Said Big Mark.

â€ŽYou see!" Afro man raised his palms open. "A fucking killing machineâ€|" He felt so enthusiastic.

â€ŽI'm not sure if he is a soldier."

â€ŽYeah. More like an engineer or somethinâ€| Orange does not fit soldier much. Unless you fight on an orange planetâ€|"

â€ŽWho cares? He can be very useful once he recovers!" Afro man hit his palm with a fist. â€ŽHe must have killed dozens of zombies!"

â€ŽYou better be right! My back still hurts from carrying this heavy asshole and this gay orange suit!"

â€ŽI'm not gay, you assholesâ€|" Whispered Gordon absentmindedly with his eyes closed.

Everybody looked at him dazed.

Afro man laughed nervously. "I'll do the talking once he wakes up and decides not to kill us!"

Freeman started snoring.

2. Chapter 2

A doubtful adventure

2_Bedsheets

A huge limb of a headcrab got closer to his face. As if it was playing with him a little before consumption. Hard ending of it's leg scratched his cheek slowly. He did not move or make any sound.

"My god. Where is my gun? Where is my crowbar?" Horrible hissing came to his ears. His body got so stiff because of fear. This time he was defenseless, seeing a blurry contour of the alien enemy. Glasses are gone, HEV seems so cold and out of energy, remaining quiet.

"Just close your eyes tight and wait for unavoidable." He said to himself with a feeling of the deepest despair ever in the entire life.

Headcrab approached his face fast, making this sinister rattle.

"Ah!"

It was very bright. He covered his face with hands and squinted his eyes. This bed was indeed extremely comfortable. Or maybe just normal, he did not experience a full-time sleep for a looong time.

A dark skinned woman was hanging around, almost like she could barely notice him. She was humming something.

Usually, when he woke up in bed, with a woman next to him, it was him who could barely notice someone else as a companion. Because of drugs, hangover or just his ego.

However, being so shaken up to the deepest parts of his being, he felt kinda grateful for this situation. These people saved him. At least for a few hours. And he was sitting there, in the sheets. Naked. Oh, no, no. Underwear was there where he left it hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when he used to be another Gordon, in the non-existing world. So the world was lost, but his underwear stayed untouched.

"I'm cool." He murmured.

"You were talking in your sleep." Said the woman, still looking in some random direction.

"Was I?"

"You should watch out what you're talking about." This time she looked at him a bit crude. "You talked a lot. A lot!"

“So?” He tried to look milder, after realising how many stupid things he did before waking up with his wounds treated properly and refreshed mind.

“You are not a hero as everyone else think you are.” She crossed her hands on her chest. “I was the only one here waiting by the bed for last eight hours and I got really, really suspicious about your reputation, mister.”

“Ah! Freeman, Gordon Freeman.” He passed his hand to be shaken as during official meetings. The woman shook his hand slightly stronger than expected.

This was so awkward. He was the one not wearing too much clothes. Such a bad feeling.

“Jane. That would be enough. We do not like to reveal too much nowadays. You know. But you've revealed so much anyways! But I almost expected you to name Jams Bond!” She laughed, apparently amused with this crazy guy, staring at her with half squinted eyes. Almost helpless.

“I'm a.”

“You're not gay for sure!”

“What?”

She just laughed much louder.

He wrinkled his face with irritation. It was hard to see Jane clear without his valuable glasses. He realized how drowsy his body is and decided to lay down. Fuck it. Pointless conversations.

“Mister I-kick-you-in-the-face-zombie-asshole has woken up finally!” Shouted another woman entering the room from behind the bed.

He just covered his head with sheets, pretending to be asleep. “It's a nightmare! I bet some moments in Black Mesa were nicer to cope with than these crazy women. Next thing I know, they land in bed! It always ends up like this!” He elaborated this subject in his mind. Then sighted and they both noticed that.

The sheet went up and a friendly palm waited to be shook again.

“Wendy.” Said very dry voice. He reached to welcome someone again. Weird people.

“Gordon! I'm a.” And he stopped seeing woman's lower lip partially swollen and really making her uglier under very sad but beautiful eyes.

“I'm sorry for your lip.” He felt really, really dumb.

“I understand that you've gone through hell! I'm sure you've suffered enough to pay back for kicking people trying to mend an opened wound.”

“I’m not a nice person. Or a soldier. I’m a physicist.” He said proudly, but with a pinch of anxiety.

“Requiring double doses of morphine.” Summed up Jane.

Gordon felt his HEV feeling a bit tired with wearing the same thing day by day. It seemed a bit heavier, although it was so light, comparing to normal, protective clothes. At least it will become “a second skin”. In a few minutes, he will forget about it.

These people at the underground base, had no idea who Dr Gordon Freeman is. And let it stay that way. He will escape them as soon as he can. “If they can break through the most infected and invaded areas of the city…”

He weighted the crowbar in his arm and made a few impressive ninja like moves. He never tried to learn them. They just ingrained in his mind and body for hours of constant fight. Like an addiction.

Endless need of avoiding headcrabs falling on him from every direction just forced this incredible skill. Incredible, because that was what the afro man was thinking, staring with his huge eyes at their new recruit.

“You are not a physicist, but I’m okay you just don’t wanna tell us!” He said excited, standing in the door frame.

Freeman got disturbed and the crowbar hit the floor.

“Sorry” “Skinny guy smiled timidly.

Gordon got pissed off. He walked determined to the short guy and saw the same look of fear in his eyes as when they met for the first time.

“I’m grateful for saving me. I really am. But I’m not your recruit!” He pointed into afro man’s tiny chest.
“Understood?”

“Gordon, you are a killing machine! All we want is just to help us go through the sector!”

“If I’m a killing machine, then you should all tremble with fear!” He swung the crowbar he picked from the floor.

That was something totally new. People being afraid of him. When he was standing and lying on the ground, apparently defeated.

“We have no choice anyway! You survived going through the canals! I mean! Last person who survived was Big Mark. And you’re not even as tall as him! We are slowly getting surrounded!”

Afro man started thinking intensely when a blurred shape passed by his face with a rattle, followed by a long, metallic shape. He tripped and fell on his ass. Then he heard a second thud. Gordon grabbed the crowbar covered with blood of a black headcrab.

His face was paler than usual.

"We are having company!" He exclaimed and hit another alien flying fearlessly from above.

"Shiiiiit!" Screamed afro man and reached for his gun.

3. Chapter 3

A doubtful adventure

3_No gun, no fun

"And where are my guns?" Asked Gordon as politely as he could while chopping a little alien to death. "You said we are still safe here, or I was just high on morphine?"

Skinny man didn't feel like replying to that. He dodged another rattling creature, still not able to reach his pistol. He could not focus, his hands were too shaky.

"Oh, come on!" Shouted Freeman, jumped closer and pulled the gun out of the afro man's holster. Slimy crowbar was not much of use now, slowly digested by headcrabs' toxic juice.

BANG! One more dead facehugger!

BANG! This one exploded squeaking, almost in front of terrified face of the afro man. He yelled and rushed to the entrance of the bunker, where he expected to be safer than in the semi opened space of the old military warehouse. The running man miraculously avoided several bites of aliens flying by.

"Damn!" The scientist felt disappointed with his pal's behavior. He looked behind and barely dodged a solid, hard bite by one of those big, shiny ones that made him feel very anxious. Familiar smell of toxic fumes explored the air surrounding him.

He looked in the other direction and shouted that he's almost out of ammo but the vault door did not stop closing. Suddenly he realized that he's being left totally alone in this huge open space with very bad, rainy weather that wants to bite his face off at least a dozen of times in a row.

"What the fuck!" He shot one more sizzling creature and missed another that jumped on his hardly healed leg. No, it could not bite off the metal but it had a crack there. The very first crack on the whole HEV after so many hours of exploiting it!

He ran and then rushed to sprint, but the heavy door were almost locked at that point. Dangerous rattle could be heard in stereo everywhere and the crowbar was lying on the floor, much too far away now.

"They just helped me and now I'm fucking left to be eaten by lions! I mean, aliens! I hope I'll scratch the hell out of them once I become a zombie! Big, scary zombie with a crowbar! A zombie crowbar!" Then he thought this ridiculous and he's not functioning well because he's a morphine addict. He started banging frantically at the armored door.

"Let me in afro man!" He screamed at the top of his lungs as small aliens approached him from all the directions, slowly, just like he remembered. "I'm not a freaking superman without my guns! At least return my Glock!" He got sweaty and was breathing heavily not because of the effort, but because of the fears creeping in his mind. One more knock on the door and he turned with his back touching the cold metal vault. Ready to fight with them just with bare handsâ€¦ HEV covered hands.

Then he reminded himself of the small guy trying to suck his left shin. He looked down and there it was! Still holding his leg like a very fat, mutated leech. He wanted to hit it with the gun, however, the gun was goneâ€¦ He noticed it lying much closer then the crowbar, just being examind by one of the aliens. Not edible.

He swept the space around him with his eyes wide opened and saw nothing but a doom scenario with himself as the main course. Gapsed for the air once more. Air was soaking with nasty, toxic smells. He could try to run to his crowbar, if he was lucky, one of these big black ones wouldn't jump on his headâ€¦ Or give a chance and try this half shady something that could be an old, forgotten back doorâ€¦

In this moment, a giant alien leech flew from above, squeaking with pleasure. Gordon squatted and covered his head with crossed hands, immediately feeling sharp and tiny teeth trying to bite through the expensive material of the glove.

"Aaagh! Oh My God!" It hurt amazingly bad, almost like it did break the skin. No matter what, he hit the alien with his fist and gave it a solid kick with the leg that was still a good spot for that small headcrab.

For a second Gordon thought this calf invader fell in love with his leg. Then he felt just a little bit light headed and then he heard a quiet metallic voice, something like "Toxin blood level detected." He dived on the ground, to reach the empty gun. Got it! Not useful to shoot but hard enough to hit at last that pal making sex with his suit! All the sudden he felt much better and some metallic voice said again something like "applied" or maybe "administered"?

Now, with a new hope, he prepared his body to slalom among the headcrabs, just by the wall of the bunker, to reach that freakin back door or maybe an old ventilation shaft. He had some good experience with ventsâ€¦

BOOM! The celling collapsed almost everywhere and Freeman's heart started beating like crazy. Now he felt like fainting. No way to run now. So he started banging on the door once again, with the empty gun. It gave this good, deep metallic thud that made an echo of the last hope.

He just took a glimpse of what was heading towards him with incredible speed. Got a feeling like in his last scary dreamâ€¦

He never remembered how the door opened, someone pulled him inside. Just one headcrab slipped in, flying in the front of this huge wave. Someone just squished it with his leg.

Freeman was breathing so heavily, he could not understand a word of

what Wendy was saying, very nervously.

After half of a minute, he took off his glasses, wiped sweat off his eyes and spoke.

"You must be fucking kidding me! I'd be much safer lying on this pile of dead zombies I killed myself!"

"We have to run, Freeman! I know you are upset, but it's so bad now, we have almost left you!" Explained Wendy with even sadder eyes than usual.

He could notice now, that she had a couple of bruises on her face More than the one she got from him. And some face lacerations. Oh, and Big Mark had a huge cut going across his face.

"I can see you had some problems tooâ€¦| It's a shame afro man didn't let me help us."

"We do not have fucking time for discussions!" Cried Wendy.

There was an awkward pause and Mark could not stop staring at Freeman's leg.

"What's that small thing on your shin?"

"Ohâ€¦| That'sâ€¦| That's my pet."

4. Chapter 4

A huge slam on the door cut off any further conversations. The tunnel of the bunker tilted a bit under the rising pressure of the headcrab mass. Freeman got up first and rushed to the other end of the tunnel, not even being sure if it makes any sense. Both Big Mark and Wendy ran with him, even trying to go pass him but none of them was so fast. "I'm still number one! "Though Gordon and his ego grew up a little bit. In his heart he felt this terrible trembling, because he's just avoided being eaten alive by the mega-swarm of all kinds of facehuggers. He shook his head and got to the other door. It was open and inviting daylight was shining from the outside. It was good weather today.

"A good day for killing. Don't you think?" Said Freeman, like his mind suddenly switched to a killer mode.

Wend and Big Mark looked at each other frightened and giving each other understanding nods. Mark quickly suggested with a gesture of his hadn : "should I dispose of him?" however, Wendy shook her head. The man just shrugged his shoulders, not really understading her decision. This guy was more nuts than anything else, but afro man was not much use tooâ€¦| Just a bunch of idiots around here!

"All the passages are closed now except one!" Said Wendly loudly, to make the scientist more aware of the situation. He pointed with her finger to a small hatch above two storeys up. It was open and looked like a black hole in a concrete wall.

Gordon was still missing his crowbar and guns. Any of the guns! He fixed his tilted glasses and gave both of his companions a suggestive

and intense look.

"What?" Asked Mark.

They all could hear the overpowering noise of bended metal and mass of headcrabs pushing up and down from almost every direction. Small cracks started appearing on all of the walls, far and close. The whole construction was just flooded. Small chunk of plaster fell onto Mark's head.

"My guns! Where the fuck did you hide my guns? I'm defenseless! I think there is some kind of a new headcrab. I could almost feel my crowbar melting in my hands! Fuck!" And he kicked the nearest metal object he could. He would break his toes if not the heavy armored HEV boots.

"New headcrab? Like we didn't have enough of the old ones?" Though Wendy loudly. She sighted and passed Gordon her backup gun with a fast, mindless gesture. "I have no idea where are your pistols? I'm really disappointed with afro man. I think he took your guns when he came back and evacuated through the hatch. "

Mark's eyes become bigger. He didn't trust Gordon at all. This guy was nuts and was a nuts junkie with a doctor's degree! Everyone knows these so called intellectuals are only trouble. He has seen many of them dying in many battles or losing it and making huge problems for the whole underground movement. Yeah, and now he got a gun?

"Thanks!" Said Freeman without a sign of gratitude in his voice.

"And now let's get the fuck out of here!" Yelled the woman with ordering voice.

"Alright?" Replied Freeman in his mind and started climbing. "A woman is ordering me! I like it, but only in bed?" He flinched abruptly as a bigger piece of concrete tried to hit his face. "I wish I was trapped by a nymphomaniac for the rest of my life, instead of running around with crowbar in the endless corridors and was having nightmares almost in these rare moments of sleep! Like this is why I graduated from MIT in the first fucking place!"

"Don't slow down Gordon!" Shouted Wendy and looked down. Mark was right behind her and right behind Mark? On the floor, inside the cracks on the walls? and in some points of the ceiling? Just hundreds and hundreds of headcrabs, big and small, light and dark, squeaking and sizzling. They all occupied the old warehouse but not in a hurry as she was used to. Slowly and not attacking each other, they were all raising their extremities towards? Gordon.

She woke up from this unfamiliar trance and looked straight ahead. And she saw the most sexy man's ass ever, wearing gray and orange suit. The suit was fitting so tightly, that she was astonished how a clearly protective armor, designed by some egg-headed engineers could give such a great effect once you bend. And it was sticking out from a black hole of the vent shaft.

"Wendy, hey!" Cried Gordon. He tried to be heard in the rising noise of swarming aliens. "Do not stare at my ass! I warn you!"

The little pet alinen vawed his tiny lims, like conforming his master's threat.

"Umâ€¦ Whatever you want, Freeman! And hurry up for God's sake, you sexy bastard!"

"It's happening again..." Thought Gordon with resignation and dived into the black hole.

5. Chapter 5

A Doubtful Adventure

5_From the darkness

He crawled along the dark tunnel, realizing that they do not have any source of light whatsoever, so at least the woman behind him won't get hypnotized. His senses were set for detecting any potential threats. Which could be anything around here. A freakin shadow on the wall could be it.

He thought about turning off the safety of his new gun but then, firing inside of a dark, narrow tunnel would do more bad than good. Especially that their ears could really hurt after that. He knew a lot about being almost stunned by metallic echoes inside of endless ventsâ€¦ Crawling alone in claustrophobic atmosphereâ€¦.

He gasped for air, coming back to reality.

"Anyone has an idea how to light the way?" He asked finally." Or you didn't have any evacuation plan before the actual evacuation happened?"

"Don't be so smartass, Mr. smoothass."Said Wendy, apparently stopping with her forehead on his butt for a second, this time unwillingly.

Gordon closed his eyes praying for this woman not to touch his butt in the middle of such an important escape!

"We had about eight ways of escape before that mass invasion has eaten this place alive! They ate almost all of our equipment before we could react, if you really wanna know! Including expensive and hard to get medical stuff. "

"And all the flashlightsâ€¦ I am sorry to tell you people, that my personal flashlight got broken a few hours before you've found me."

"Just hurry! We do not have anything to close the hatch!" Big Mark reminded them about the hopelessness of this situation with a few loud gunshots one by one. He was crawling backwards, covering this very fresh pair of lovers or soon lovers as he was predicting. He was hoping that frantic Freeman will be useful fighting their way outta here.

Gordon wished he could cover his ears, instead of speeding on his hands and sore knees. The sound of shots started resonating inside of

the tunnel and he didn't want to admit that to anyone, but his hearing sense was way too sensitive . It probably helped him to survive.

Breathing heavily, he raised his head and noticed a very weak light revealing a contour of another tunnel, going up!

"Okay Gordon!" Commented Wendy, accompanied with repeating shotgun sounds much too close. " We do not know what is up there, probably nothing interesting.

"Like another tone of headcrabs?" He asked, reaching for the first rusted rod of the industrial ladder. He didn't want to stay in the tunnel anymore, started feeling sick and his head hurt.

"You still have this small buddy attached to your suit?"

"Oh shit!" He almost completely forgot. He carelessly reached his left calf and tapped it around gently. A spongy and jelly like shape tweaked his glove almost the same carefully. Didn't seem aggressive at all. He got a dim sensation of fear in this little creature.

"Gordonâ€|?"

"All right! All right! It's still there and it seems harmless. HEV didn't signalize any blood toxins from this chap."

"Shit. I wish you had a REASON to get rid of it!"

"I've always wanted to have an alien pet! Mom never let me!" He explained audaciously while climbing slowly up the rusty and creepy tunnel. The cover of the hatch was pretty high up but also partially removed from the manhole so he could see the sharp sunrays coming in. A good sign. The same weather they have seen ten minutes ago.

BAM! A sharp noise pinched through his brain again. He staggered a bit.

"Hurry up Freeman! Is it safe?" Shouted Wendy after killing one more headcrab.

That was a stupid question anyway, how they could be any safer down there?

After quite tiring climbing, he pulled his new gun out and very, very cautiously reached for the hatch cover to move it just with the tips of his fingersâ€| Yesâ€| That's rightâ€|

The heavy piece of metal skipped quite smoothly. Gordon raised his head a little, trying to stay invisible. And there it was, bathed in the sun, a half ruined landscape of a city on one side and an empty plain slowly turning into woods on another. No sign of any of their friends or enemies though.

"Fucking afro man or some other of your *friends* could at least leave us some signs." He said bitterly, looking at Wendy, holding to the ladder below him.

She made an impression of emotionless or just really tired. Did not

say anything, just stared at Gordon with a dull face.

"Huhâ€| "Said Gordon and pushed the hatch cover to make the passage free.

"The hatch was partially opened, what else do you need, genius?" Growled Mark from the bottom. He seemed to be struggling with aliens, however blind he felt.

"Okay! Go up!" Freeman almost jumped out of the tunnel. Waited for quiet Wendy to climb up and even reached for her hand to help her get out faster. He got an impression of goose bumps when their bodies touched again. "Heyâ€| That's too weirdâ€| Just too weird.." He thought, staying mute and watching her standing on the ground.

They didn't lost eye contact until she let go his arm and turned around in terror. The scientist raised his gun and stretched his muscles on the sound of low, buzzing radio communications of the Combine soldiers.

A dark figure showed up just a few yards away, next to a broken wall.

"Get down Wendy!" Cried Gordon and took his chance of a shot.

End
file.